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Glass, Willison

The wandering Scottish minstrel

Edinburgh

1818

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The Wandering Scottish MINSTREL.

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY

WILLISON GLASS,

Author of "Scenes o' Gloamin."

Part First.

Then o'er again the jovial thrang,
The Poet did request,
To lowse his pack an' wale a Sang,
A ballad o' the best.

BURNS.

Edinburgh:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
By Johnston & Glass.
1818.

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THE

WANDERING SCOTTISH

Minstrel.

DEAREST JESSIE.

AIR...'Miller of Drone.'

Now, dearest Jessie, gloamin' grey
  Shades ilka bloomin' tree,
And balmy eve, on silent wing,
  Comes stealin' o'er the lea.
Around us a' is hush'd serene,
  Save frae yon dusky grove,
The mellow Mavis swells the note
  O' bosom soothing love.
We'll wander wi' the windings
  O' the smoothly gliding burn;
An' saftly we'll recline beneath
  The sweet perfuming thorn.
An' there we'll pour our langing hearts,
  Secure frae ilka e'e;
My Jessie, kindest, sweetest, fairest,
  Will ye gang wi' me?

O! lovely maid, why hangs the clud,
Upo' your bonny brow,
Ye canna doubt my honest heart,
My love sae warm an' true.
The savage tyger wou'd be tam'd
By ae saft glance frae thee;
An' cou'd thy love, O Jessie, prove
Mair savage e'en than he.
But I will press thee to my breast,
O extacy divine!
Emotions there will tell ye mair
Than ony words o' mine.
An' I will count it heaven enough,
Thy yielding lips to prie;
My Jessie, kindest, sweetest, fairest,
Come alang wi' me.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, &c.

AIR...'Andrew an' his cutty gun.'

Blythe, blythe, and happy are we,
Cauld care is fleg'd awa';
'Tis but ae night o' our lives,
An' wha wou'd care tho' it were twa.

The ev'ning shade around is spread,
The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;
We're kindly met, and warmly set,
An' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

While gettin' fu', we're grit I true,
We scorn misfortune's sairest bangs
The magic bowl can lift the soul
Aboon the world an' a' its wrangs.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span,
This mortal life a passing dream;
Nought to illume the dreary gloom,
Save love and friendship's sacred gleam.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Now toom your glass to my sweet lass,
An' neist we'll turn it o'er to thine;
The glowing breast that lo'es them best,
The dearest ever shall be mine.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

An' here's to you my friend sae true,
May discord ne'er a feeling wound,
An' sude we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,
But in a bowl be't quickly drown'd.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Now rap and ring, and gar them bring,
The biggest stoupfou e'er was seen;
Why sude we part, when hand and heart
At ilka bumper grows mair keen.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

THE WELLS O' WEARY.

AIR...'Miss Forbes.'

When Spring wi' bonny blinken e'e,
Drives gloomy Winter aff the plain,
A shepherd lad sae fou o' glee,
Thus to his lassie tun'd the strain:

Sweet flows the banks on Esk's sweet vale,
The waters rin sae clearly O,
But where's the banks, or where's the streams,
To match wi' Wells o' Weary O.

I ne'er envied yon happy swain,
Whose flocks o'erspread high Pentland Hill;
Nor at my humble lot complain'd,
When I at Weary kiss'd my fill.
Wealth never constituted bless,
An' honour's but an empty name;
Gin she I lo'ed would grant one kiss,
'Twas sweeter than the trump o' fame.

When first I saw her lovely face,
Whom I now ca' my deary,
'Twas May's sweet morn, by yon sweet wells,
Yon lovely Wells o' Weary O;
set mysel' down by her side,
An' stole a kiss frae Mary O,
Oh fy! she cry'd,—no frae the heart,
Do you no see friend Harry O?

An' what care I tho' worlds should see,
Far less our ain friend Harry O;
An' ilka smack should echo back,
To yon high rock near Weary O.
Tho' time sude on his pinions tire,
An' turn fou dull an' eerie O,
I'll ne'er forget that genial fire
Which warm'd my heart by Weary O.

We blest the hour which brought us there,
Where lasses bleach fou cheery O;
Where sang an' crack, an' story's queer,
Pass by the hours by Weary O.

The time slade by wi' joke an' tale,
Till claes were dry'd and cleary O;
When gloamin' drew her curtain round,
To guard sweet Wells o' Weary O.

THE CRUEL MAID.

AIR...'Wally Walley.'

Love never mair shall warm my breast,
Nor woman's beauty charm my eye,
They can but wake the cruel blast
That wither'd all my budding joy;
For I wou'd love wi' passion wild,
An' fondly thought she lo'ed me well,
But Ah! the frail, the faithless child,
She's ruin'd me, an' ruin'd hersel'.

Through angry nature's bleakest storms,
On wings o' bliss, how aft I've flown;
An' O how sweet it was to meet,
This beating bosom kens alone.
Within my soul nought else had room,
I saw her lovely, thought her true;
The modest snaw drop's purest bloom,
Was not sae spotless to my view.

My burden'd heart would fain repose,
But that repose can ne'er be found;
For she that ance sooth'd a' my woes,
Hersel' has gi'en the sairest wound.
O woman, woman! wha wou'd true,
Thy angel form sae sweet an' fair;
The mansion wha wou'd think to view,
That foul deceit were tenant there.

Ye cruel maid, nae power can quell
The throbbin's o' this injur'd breast;
An' when to thee I bade farewel,
I bade farewel to peace and rest.
Tho' morning's sun serenely beam,
Ere noon, black storms may cloud the skies;
An' human bliss wi' falser gleam,
Displays her shadowy form an' flies.

WHEN LADS AND LASSES, &c.

AIR...'Calder Fair.'

Come, join me ilka social soul,
Wha' taste o' cheering pleasures,
Behold the reaming nappy bowl,
An' hearken to its treasures.
The cauld unfeeling heart it warms,
The wisest head it brightens;
It makes us bear affliction's storms,
An' ilka joy it heightens.

When lads and lasses chance to meet,
At bridal, fair, or dancin';
The smile o' love is ne'er sae sweet
Till nappy's weel advancin'.
But then ilk Billy grasps his lass,
She pliable an' grantin;
And tooming out the ither glass,
They're roaring and they're ranting.

An' when the glow o' youth is gane,
An' sober sense replac'd it,

In time o' need fowk's unco fain
For friendly aid to taste it.
An' wint'ry age wi' frosty scowl,
An' every powers declining;
Is melted by the kindly bowl,
An' looks like simmer shinnin'.

There's some will cant and mak' a wark,
An' canna prie a drap o't;
But when alane, or in the dark,
Can sweetly toom a cap o't.
But we in love an' friendship free,
We round the table hand it;
I drink to you, and you to me,
As lang's we're fit to stand it.

MARY, I'M WEARY NOW.

AIR...'Robin Adair.'

Mary, why linger'st thou, lov'st thou thy swain?
Lang hae I tarried love, tarried in vain;
Hast thou forgot the hour,
Here in our dreary bower,
We had agreed to pour
Forth the fond strain.

Red grows the e'ening sun, sky, loch, an' sea;
Lang hae I tarried love, tarried for thee;
Grey now the lift appear,
Hinds to the hamlet stear,
Why thus encrease my fear,
Think'st thou on me?

Darkness prevailing now, dews round me fa'
Now the wee flitter mouse leaves the auld wa'.
Lanely an' eery now,
Mary I'm weary now,
O! what's come o'er thee now,
Come, come awa'.

Now the wind's changin' blaw, down pours the rain,
Rivers deep swellin' sweep o'er a' the plain;
Zig zag the light'nin' flees,
Down fa' the sturdy trees;
Flash here—a saul release,
Laiden wi' pain.

THO' SNAW BEND DOWN, &c.

AIR...'Blythe, blythe.'

Blyth are we set ne'r ither,
Fling care ayont the moon;
Nae sae aft we meet the gither,
Wha wou'd think o' partin' soon.

Tho' snaw bend down the forest trees,
A' burn an' river cease to flow,
Tho' nature's tide hae shor'd to frieze,
An' winter withers a' below.
Blyth, &c.

Now round the ingle cheerly met,
We'll scug ilk blast an' dread nae harm;

Wi' jaws o' toddy reekin' het,
We'll keep the genial current warm,
Blyth, &c.

The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
Gar pleasure reign the evening lang,
An' laugh at bitter frost an' snaw.
Blyth, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
An' gar the bosom stun wi' pain,
Shall get a fleg afore we part,
Will mak' them fear to come again.
Blyth, &c.

Then fill about my winsome chiels,
The sparklin' glass will banish pine;
Nae pain the happy bosom feels
Sae free o' care as your's and mine.
Blyth, &c.

COLIN'S LOVE.

AIR....'Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' stray.'

Lassie will ye hae a lover,
Ken ye Colin lo'es ye weel;
Fain his passion wad discover,
But he's bashfou to reveal.
O' a' the lasses blythe and bonny,
I sal tell thee bonny Bell,
Colin disna think there's ony
Ha'f sae bonny as yoursel'.

I hae bought a house wad please yott,
Caps and luggies, routh an' wale,
Stools and chairs to sit an' ease you,
An' a wooden plate for kail;
I hae burdies cleckt in simmer,
Toddlin brawly but and ben;
An' my cave o' aikin timmer,
Hads a sonsy cloakin hen.

I've a pony fit for ridin',
An' a cow to gi'e ye milk,
Wabs o' gude Kilmarnock plaiden,
Maist as saft as ony silk.
Hindmost I've a pock o' siller,
Maist as big's a knockin' mell;
Kists o' grain like ony miller,
Waitin' a' for bonny Bell.

MARY'S WAIL.

AIR...'Braes o' Doon.'

My faithfu' laddie frae the wars
Will never mair return to me;
For ane wha fought just by his side,
Saw Jamie fa' and saw him die.
He saw his heart's red reeking stream,
His blooming face turn pale an' wan;
He heard the last sigh o' his breath,
An' his last beating pulse he fan',

What are they now earths joys to me,
E'en life itsel's nae worth my care;
My Jamie lies 'mang heaps o' slain,
It wrings my heart, I kenna where.
O! were I but beside his grave,
I'd lay me down and vent my waes,
But distant far I'm doom'd to mourn,
In sleepless nights and weary days.

O Jamie! is thy saul gane hame,
Or art thou hovering in the sky,
There watching thy fond Mary's breath,
There counting ilka broken sigh.
Prolong thy flight—I haste I come,
Be thou my guardian angel now,
The parting pang thrils through my heart,
For thee I bid the world adieu.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

AIR...'Jolly Dick the Lamp-lighter.'

A band of vent'rous youths resolved,
With half the world to try,
How fortune's wheel to them would turn,
But Ah! the dame seem'd shy.
For many a penny an' pound they spent,
An' lang it seem'd in vain,
But still these eager souls wo'ud hope,
An' pay for chance again.
An' pay for chance again.

At length when hope had almost fled,
Dame fortune kinder grew;
A card arrives—'tis handed round,
Now kingdoms start to view.
Ho! twenty thousand—chearing sum!
This eases all our pain;
Huzza! boys drink, rejoice that we
Have paid for chance again.
Have paid for chance again.

The glass so gayly bumper'd was,
The house seem'd fortune's wheel;
For round, an' round, an' round, it went,
An ipsy tipsy reel.
Their ears for many a day had rung,
Their heads were fill'd wi' pain,
An' that was a' for joy that they
Had paid for chance again.
Had paid for chance again.

But what had weeks an' days o' pain
Been, had their joys been fit?
The wag who handed round the card,
Himsel' the card had writ;
For Twenty being the whole amount,
They wished t' enrich the scene,
To make their eyes with lustre glaze,
An' then turn dim again.
An then turn dim again.

THE AULD MODE O' SPINNIN' O'T.

AIR...'Rock and a wee puckle tow.'

Lang syne when our grannies sat down to their
wheel,
The warl' to mak' a beginnin' o't,
The weans never wanted for milk nor for meal,
An' a' wi' the craft o' the spinnin o't.
The gudeman was breekit an' sarket an' a',
His ain gudewifes spinnin made him unco
bra',
While she in contentment her thread out did dra',
An crun'd her bit sang at the spinnin o't.

But now spinnin *Jeanies*, these cursed machines,
The deil has been at the beginnin' o't,
They've ta'en frae poor destitute women the
means,
O' gainin' their bread by the spinnin o't.
The lasses were for this blest exercise fit,
Wi' creesh an' wi' oil their complexions are smit,
Which mak's them as black as they'd came frae
the pit,
Wi' this bonny new mode o' spinnin o't.

The blest manufacturers in great burrow towns,
Tho' little is thought o' the sinnin o't,
Are aften the nurseries for limmers an' loons,
The glorious fruits o' the spinnin o't.

While Kate i' the country as blythe as a bride,
Sits twinin' a' thread at her auld mithers side,
Her cheeks are like roses, her wheel is her pride,
While modest she toils at the spinnin o't.

For mony poor hizzy rins out o' a job,
An willing to mak' a beginning o't,
Wou'd trim up her trimmer to mak' a bit wab,
Were it no for the new mode o' spinnin o't.
A few individuals the profit they draw,
The woo' it is dear an' the siller's awa'
Now poor countra bodies toom bellies may claw,
Wi' this bonny new mode o' spinnin o't.

THE NEW MODE O' SPINNIN' O'T.

AIR...' Rock an' a wee puckle tow.'

Amang a' the wond'rous improvements e'er made,
What do you now think o' the spinnin o't,
That fountain an' prop o' our flourishing trade,
How chang'd since the weary beginnin o't.
Wi' the rock an' the spindle our grannies began,
Neist at their wee wheelies they spat an' they span,
O ! little thought they o' the beautiful plan,
That now is spread wide for the spinnin o't.

On the palace-like-fabric the travellers gaze,
An' wonderin' spier for the meanin' o't,
It's a' for the purpose they learn wi' amaze,
O' that noble art the spinnin o't.
An' amang a' the elegance that it can shaw,
There's the lasses sae healthy, sae bonny an' braw,
While cheerfou contentment enlivens them a',
An' endears every heart to the spinnin o't.

The bosom where patriot liberty burns,
Will fondly adore the rinnin' o't,
For our snug darlin' isle that a' slavery spurns,
Wou'd fa' gin it wantit the spinnin o't.
Cou'd Britain proclaim a' the ocean her ain,
Cou'd her sails ride triumphant o'er Neptune's domain,
Proving a' the proud boasts o' our enemies vain,
Gin it warna a' the usefou spinnin o't.

Tho' the blindfaulded Russians were dorted awee,
They sune did repent o' their sinnen o't,
They flang aff their chains an' declar'd themselves free,
For they coudna live wantin' our spinnin o't.
E'en Bony himsel' he has found that he's shamm'd,
Tho' wi' envy, ambition, or rage he was cramm'd,
He did scowl, he did snarl, he did bark, but was d——.
For he ne'er cou'd bite us nor our spinnin o't.

THE MUIRLAND FARMER.

AIR...' Rock an' a wee puckle tow '

I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' land,
An' my heart aye lowps light when I'm viewen o't,
An' I ha'e servants at my command,
Wi' twa dainty cowts for the plowen o't.
My farm's a snug ane, lyes high on a muir,
The muir cocks an' plivers oft skerls at my door,
An' when the sky lowers I'm aye sure o' a shower,
To moisten my land for the plowen o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,
I hae sax muckle bows for the sawin' o't;
I ha'e servants at my command,
Wi' twa dainty couts for the plowen o't.
In blue worsted boots that my auld mither span,
How aft I've been vaudy since I was a man;
But now there flung by an' I've coft cordevan,
An' my wifie she ne'er grudged a shilling o't.

To rank amang Farmers I ha'e mickle pride,
But I mauna speak high when I'm telling o't,
How brawly I strut on my shelty, to ride
Wi' a sample to shaw for the selling o't.

Last towmond I sel'd aff four bows o' gude beer,
An' thankfou I was for the victual was dear;
An' I cam' hame wi' spurs on my heals shinin' clear,
I had sae gude luck at the selling o't.

My biggan stands sweet on yon south sloppin hill,
An' the sun shines sae bonnily beamin' on't,
An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,
Frae the loch whar the wild ducks are sweemin' o't.
An' on it's green banks in the gay simmer days,
My wifie trips barefit a' bleachin' her claes,
An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,
While I whistle and sing at the plowin' o't.

Now harst time is owre an' fig for the laird,
My rent's now secur' for the toilin' o't;
My fields are a' bare, an' my crap's i' the yard,
An' I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin' o't.
Now welcome gude weather, come wind or come weet,
Or bald ragin' winter wi' hail, snaw or sleet,
Nae mair can he draigle my crap 'mang his feet,
Nor wreck his mischiefs an' be spoilin' o't.

MY AIN DEAR LASSIE.

AIR...'O' a' the Arts the wind can blaw.'

Upon yon sweetly scented bush,
Appears the blushing rose;
But sweeter far my lassie is,
Than ony flower that blows.

When morn puts on her dewy robes,
How fair the lillies seem,
But fairer far my lassie is,
Than flowers that deck the green.

Her eyes sae bonny grey an' bright,
Are like the pearly dew;
An' bonny is her little chin,
An' sweet her cherry mou'.
The smile that sits upon her lip,
Steals gently o'er the heart,
An' when her bonny een meet mine,
What sweets they do impart.

You little bees that wing the wild,
An' haunt the howied bowers,
O! if ye kent whar my lass lives,
Ye woudna range the flowers.
The laiky pink an' heather bells,
Envies the blushing rose,
But fairer far my lassie is
Than ony flower that blows.

THE CHEERFU' COOPER.

AIR...'Dainty Davie'.

Meet me at the trysten stane,
Caunty Geordie, whislin' Geordie,
Ye sa'na weary lang your lane,
My ain dear whislin' Geordie.

He's aye in sic a caunty mood,
He's plenty baith o' claise an' food;

Besides he is a cooper gude,
There's few can hoop like Geordie.
Meet me, &c.

He can a leaky laiglen mend,
The best o' ony e'er I kend;
There are but few that dare pretend
To equal whislin Geordie.
Mee t me, &c.

The northern wind may bend the tree,
The ourie cattle a' may die,
But still it's flowry May wi' me,
When meetin' wi' my Geordie.
Meet me, &c.

Now Geordie's ta'en her for a wife,
To comfort else to plague his life,
For fent a ane 'tween France an' Fife,
Sheid buckle to but Geordie.

Nae mair she meets at trysten stane
Canty Geordie, whislin' Geordie.
But snug at hame she cuddles fain,
Her ain dear whislin' Geordie.

O PEGGY COU'D I TELL THE PAIN.

AIR...Lady Catherine Stuart.

O! Peggy cou'd I tell the pain,
My beating heart an' burnin' brain,
For thee endure, nae mair in vain
Wou'd be my sad complaining.
O! Peggy cou'd you search my soul,
An' every secret fold unrol,
Then wou'd you find without control
Yourself a queen there reigning.

Far frae the cheerfou hunts o' men,
I wander down the lanely glen,
To tell the midnight moon my pain,
For Peggy winna hear me.
Life is to me a dreary dream,
Baith day and night the joyless same,
In sighs I waste my wearied frame,
But Peggy winna hear me.

I saw your lovely shape an' mein,
I met your saft bewitching e'en,
Your dimpled smile where lurks unseen
A thousand shafts o' danger.
But gin ye mean to leave me thus,
Why did you grant the burning kiss,
Why let me taste, an' promise bless,
An' still your heart a stranger,

O! do you never gang to see
The sweetly bloomin' trysting tree,
The shade shall aye be dear to me,
Tho' Peggy bena sharing,
Is a' my peace forever slain,
Is ilka beam of comfort gane,
Oh! Peggy shall we meet again.
Or shall I die dispairing.

PRETTY NELL.

AIR...Paul Jones.

The sun glents o'er the lawn,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,
How sweet the early dawn,
Pretty Nell.

Come let us climb the brae,
Whar yonder herdies stray,
O dinna say me nae,
Pretty Nell.

The dew is on the green,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,
It sparkles like thy een,
Pretty Nell.
But wa'kin' without thee,
Nae pleasure morn can gi'e,
Thy smile is a' to me,
Pretty Nell.

Be beauties e'er so fair,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,
They want thy lovely air,
Pretty Nell, pertty Nell.
Tho' dinket e'er so smart,
Wi' a' their wily art,
Shall never win my heart,
Pretty Nell.

Be misers rich for me,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,
Our health is on the lea,
Pretty Nell.
Sae langs our awnie grain
Waves on the harvest plain,
We'll hae plenty o' our ain,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell.

Unseen by ilka e'e,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,
I'll fondly dot on the,
Pretty Nell.

There while our lambkins play,
We'll list the woodland lay,
O di nna say me nay,
Pretty Nell, pretty Nell.

FAREWEL TO ABERFOYLE.

AIR.—'Highland Plaid.'

My tortured bosom lang shall feel,
The pangs o' this last fareweel,
For far to foreign lands I stray,
To spend my hours in deepest wae,
Fareweel my dear my native soil,
Fareweel the braes o' Aberfoyle.

An' fare-ye-weel my winsome love,
Into whatever lands I rove,
Thou'lt claim the deepest dearest sigh,
The warmest tear e'er wet my eye,
An' when I'm wand'rin' many a mile,
I'll think on Kate o' Aberfoyle.

When far upon the raging sea,
When thunders roar an' lightnings flee,
When sweepin storms the ship assail,
I'll bless the music o' the gale,
An' think when list'ning a' the while,
I hear the storms of Aberfoyle.

Oh! Kate my love, my love fareweel,
What pangs thy William's heart shall feel,
While straying through the Indian groves,
Weepin our waes an' early loves,
I'll nae mair see my native soil,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Aberfoyle.

THE STORY OF DUNRAVEN CASTLE, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Dunraven House or Castle, an old seat of the Wyndham family, stands on a lofty sea promontory in Glamorganshire, twenty-six miles west of Cardiff, and a hundred feet in height, commanding an extensive view. Centuries ago it was in the hands of the Vaughans, the last of whom, it is said, having lost nearly all his estate and his son's portion in litigation, set up on the neighbouring cliff false lights, and employed other devices to cause vessels to be wrecked on his manor. A mile westward of the house are two extraordinary caverns. One is worn through a projecting stack of rocks, and runs parallel to the shore for some distance, with a southern entrance of very grand effect. The other is only accessible at low water of spring tide, and is twenty-seven yards long, with fissures at a considerable distance, which emit a blast when the wind is south-east that will blow away a hat. These caves were, it is said, first used by the wreckers, and afterwards by smugglers. The story narrated in the following lines is from "Tales, Scenes, and Legends of Wild Wales," by R. H. Davies. Tradition says that the foul deeds of the last of the Vaughans were followed by the death of two other sons, who lost their lives on Swanscar, an island within sight of Dunraven, dry at low water, on which they had landed, and from which their boat, which they had neglected to fasten, drifted away. They were seen from the house, but no boat was near, and no assistance could be sent. It is further added that in the confusion a third boy, an infant, being left alone, fell into a vessel of whey, and was also drowned. Struck by what might well appear a fearful retribution, Mr Vaughan sold the estate to the Wyndham family.—"Cambrian Tourist."

Up Bristol Channel grandly sweep the daily tides of ocean,
Bearing upon their ample deep, with swift or stately motion,
To many a port, from many a shore, of near or distant seas,
Laden with produce, deep with ore, trade's countless argosies.

They come and go in deepest gloom; the trusting mariner
Sees lights, fixed, flashing, far, illume, burning with radiance clear;
And in quick fancy dear eyes shine still brighter as he nears,
Sparkling with joy as o'er the brine the wanderer re-appears.

Lamps lit on earth, yet from on high for seamen made to shine,
That thankful hearts may glorify the love and power divine
That move man's thoughtful brain and hand to light these fires of trade,
As, warned of reefs and sunken sands, they sail on undismayed.

And many a narrow gate they mark to harbour safe and sure,
To which, like dove to sheltering ark, in confidence secure
They press, and with white pinions sweep, and with the dawning day
Ride moored or anchored on the deep, of dock or land-locked bay.

'Neath a lone cliff upon the shore of Cambrian shire, Glamorgan,
Break on the shore, with long, deep roar, like some grand rolling organ,
The high white waves, that breast the caves, once the fierce wrecker's haven,
And midst wild skies hard by them rise thy castle walls, Dunraven.

A name of fear; for, reader, here were perpetrated crimes,
In centuries past, year after year—not good, but bad old times;
Long ere the frequent beacons bright shone over Britain's sea,
First lit by Bluff King Hal, their light, through "Guild of Trinity."*

"Let there be light!"—the grand decree—fine motto of that band,
And soon it streamed across the sea, o'er rock or dangerous sand;
Fitful no more, fanned by the blast, in cage of iron gleaming,
Far off upon the rocky mast the sailor watched its beaming.

Dunraven's master, full of care, paces his cheerless hall;
His son and heir sits silent there, as thus his accents fall:—
"Spent is thy portion, oh, my son!—I tell with shame the tale.
Estate and wealth alike are gone; well may thy cheek grow pale.

"Paupers are we in this lone pile—for rank thinks traffic shame—
Sad is thy fate." A sweet, proud smile on face and lip swift came.
He spoke:—"I'll play a manly part; father, I'm not afraid;
With friends in France, I'll seek the mart of peaceful, gainful trade."

The youth his native land has left, his shameless sire remains,
And thus of wealth and lands bereft, a dark plan entertains—
To lure by lights, from neighbouring height, ships to the rockbound shore,
As homeward bound, on wintry night, their port they deem before.

Year after year the treacherous glow betrays to rocky graves
Vessels that outward, homeward go, and worn by winds and waves.
His wreckers drive their ruthless trade of murder and of stealth,
And in the cavern's gloomy shade hide his new-gotten wealth.

Years pass, too, o'er the gallant youth, while steady industry,
Joined to a tongue and soul of truth, win him prosperity.
With health and wealth alike all sound, he seeks his native land,
And full of joy, up channel bound, he nears that fatal strand.

For days the land has not been seen; those lights—white, red—we see;
All say the signal sure must mean, "Here lies the channel free."
The storm came down with all its might; discovered, all too late,
The beacon's false and cruel light, that lured them to their fate.

For fast towards the cliff she drives, 'neath which the wreckers wait,
With their fiend master, who arrives, breathless, but not too late.
'Midst roar of wind and wild shriek mixed, heard through the stormy air,
She strikes and parts; with eyeballs fixed he sees his son and heir.

Both lost—bright youth, wealth won so well in Gallia's distant field;
Remorse and horror then first fell on soul till now quite steeled;
Nor Judgment lingered long nor slept, for on one summer day
He saw two other sons, tide-swept, drowned in the self-same bay.

J. H. RAWLINS.

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* The corporation of the fraternity formed for mutual advice and assistance among seamen was first effected by Henry the Eighth, about the year 1512, and confirmed by Elizabeth, "with power to erect beacons and signs for the sea." Their beacons were mostly coal fires, in a chauffer or iron basket, fixed at the top of a pile of masonry, but by slow degrees were improved. Their original title was that of the Master Wardens and Assistants of the Guild Fraternity and of the Glorious and Undivided Trinity.—Chambers's Repository, article "Lighthouses."

SCOTS SONG WRITER—WILLISON GLASS —I sent a sample of this writer's lyrical workmanship last week; but his Christian name being rather uncommon, was printed "William," instead of as above. I should like if any reader could supply some information regarding him. He appears to have resided in Edinburgh, if one may so conclude from some of the subjects he has selected for his musings. These, on the whole, are dull enough, although he stood rather high in his own opinion, if we are to judge from the self-complacency of his *preface*,—for instance, his concluding sentence is as follows:—"The writer is mistaken if any readers of taste will rise from the perusal of even these short lucubrations, unalive to the measured melody of their versification, unaffected by the thoughts which they either disclose or suggest, or unprepared to acknowledge the discrimination and taste which appear in the execution."—

The following song on a very familiar theme to as familiar a tune, appears to be his very best effort; indeed, it will hold up its head with the best of the many imitations of that blythe old Bacchanal, "Andro, wi' his cutty gun." It seems not to have been transferred to any of the collections of repute. JEERIEBUS.

[Chorus.] Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,
Cauld care is fley'd awa!
This is but ae night o' our lives,
An' wha wad grudge tho' it were twa?

The e'ening shade around is spread,
The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;
We're kindly met and warmly set,
Wi' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

While gettin' fou we're great, I trow,
We scorn misfortunes fellest bangs;
The magic bowl can lift the soul
Aboon the warld and a' it's wrangs.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span,
This mortal life—a passing dream,
Nocht to illume the dreary gloom
Save love and friendship's sacred gleam.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,
And neist we'll turn it o'er to thine;
The glowin' heart that loves them best
Shall ever dearest be to mine.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

And here's to you, my freend sae true,
May discord ne'er a feeling wound;
And should we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,
But in a bowl be't quickly drowned.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Now rap an' ring, an' gar' them bring
The biggest stoupfu' yet we've seen;
Why should we part when hand an' heart
At ilka bumper grows mair keen?
Blythe, blythe, &c.

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."—The following extract is from the Boston (U.S.) Literary World of last August 1:—

"The following song was 'composed for and sung by Mr Augustus Braham. The words and music are by George Linley' (a song writer and composer), who was born in 1798, and died in 1865. It is not known when the song was written. It was set to music and published by Cramer, Beale, & Co., London, about 1848.

Cambridge, Mass. JOHN BARTLETT.

"'Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again.

"'Oh! fondly on the past I dwell,
And oft recall those hours
When, wand'ring down the shady dell,
We gathered the wild flowers.

"'Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

"'Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illume the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by;

"'I think upon that happy time,
That time so fondly loved,
When last we heard the sweet bells chime,
As thro' the fields we rov'd.

"'Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear,
To mem'ry thou art dear.'"

A. GRANGER HUTT.